

THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY
ALTERED.

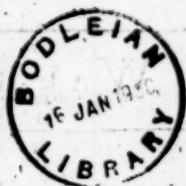
With some other
PIECES.

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

Not before Printed in the several
Editions of his POEMS.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head*
in *Chancery Lane*, near *Fleet-street*. 1690.



MOST of the following Pieces, being
unfinish'd, were never intended to be
publish'd ; but that a Person, who
had borrowed a Manuscript Copy of them, took
upon him to print them. The Copy from which
they were printed, was very Imperfect ; and
there being noe means left to suppress them, it was
thought fit to suffer them to be more correctly
printed from the last and truest Copies.

THE

THE
MAIDS TRAGEDY,

ALTER'D BY

Mr. *W A L L E R*.

THE
MAIDS TRAGEDY
AS PERFORMED BY
MR. WALLER

PROLOGUE.

*S*carce should we have the boldness to pretend
 So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend:
 Had not already some deserv'd your praise
 With like attempt. Of all our elder Plays,
 This and Philaster have the lowdest fame:
 Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
 In both our English Genius is express'd;
 Lofy and bold, but negligently, drest.

Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are;
 But faultless Writing is th' effect of Care.
 Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste;
 Polisht like Marble, would like Marble last.
 But as the present, so the last Age writ;
 In both we find like negligence and wit.

4 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

*Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts :
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this, than did the Græcian Stage.*

*Thus says our Author, not content to see
That Others write as carelessly as He.*

*Tho he pretends not to make things compleat ;
Yet to please You, he'd have the Poets sweat.*

*In this old Play, what's new we have exprest
In rhiming Verse, distinguish'd from the rest :
That, as the Roan its hasty way does make,
Not mingling Waters, thro Geneva's Lake :*

*So having here the different stiles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.*

*If we less rudely shall the Knot unty,
Soften the rigour of the Tragedy :
And yet preserve each persons character :
Then to the Other, This you may prefer.*

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 5

*'Tis left to you : the Boxes and the Pit,
Are sovereign Judges of this sort of Wit.
In other things the knowing Artist may
Judge better than the people : but a Play,
Made for delight, and for no other use,
If you approve it not, has no excuse.*

B 3

Enter

6 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Enter Evadne, with a Page of Honour.

Evad. **A** Mintor lost, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to destroy the King.
Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
And the Act ill, I am absolv'd by both.
This Island left with pitty I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce *Melantius's* frown.
These will to both my resolution bring:
Page, give *Melantius* that, this to the King.

Exit Page with the Letters

Under how hard a fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their ruine, or expos'd to scorn!
If we want Beauty, we of Love despair;
And are besieg'd like Frontier Towns, if fair.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 7

The pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows:

What can our Sex against such force oppose?

Love and Ambition have an equal share

In their vast Treasures; and it costs as dear

To ruin us, as Nations to subdue:

But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.

For Towns are starv'd, or batter'd ere they yield;

But We perswaded rather than compell'd:

For things superfluous neglect our Fame,

And weakly render up our selves to shame,

Oh! that I had my Innocence again,

My untoucht Honour: but I wish in vain.

The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,

Never again its native whiteness gain'd.

Th' unblemisht may pretend to virtue's Crown:

'Tis Beauty now must perfect my renown.

With that I govern'd him that Rules this Isle;

'Tis that which makes me triumph in Spoile,

8 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

The Wealth I bear from this exhausted Court,
Which here my Bark stands ready to transport.
In narrow Rhodes I'll be no longer pent;
But act my part upon the Continent:
Asiatick Kings shall see my Beauties Prize,
My shining Jewels, and my brighter Eyes.
Princes that fly, their Scepters left behind,
Contempt or Pitty, where they travel, find:
The Ensigns of our Power about we bear;
And every Land pays Tribute to the Fair.
So shines the Sun, tho hence remov'd, as clear
When his Beams warm th' Antipodes, as here.

Exit.

Enter Melantius, with a Letter in his hand.

She's gone to perish, if the Gods be just;
The Sea's not vast enough to quench her Lust.
The standing Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Sister is our own.

Oh!

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 9

Oh! that I could but have surpriz'd the Wretch,
E're she that Watry Element did reach.

Twice false *Evadne*; spightfully forsworn,
That fatal Beast like this I would have torn.

Tears the Paper with fury.

But this design admits of no delay;

And our Revenge must find some speedy way.

I'll sound *Lucippus*, he has always paid

Respect to my deserts: could he be made

To joyn with us, we might preserve the State;

And take revenge, without our Countrys fate.

He loves his Brother; but a present Crown

Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the Throne.

He's full of Honour: tho he like it not,

If once he swear, he'll not reveal the Plot. *Exit.*

Enters the King alone.

King. *Melantius* false! it cannot be: and yet,

When I remember how I merit it,

He

10 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

He is presented to my guilty mind
 Less to his Duty, than Revenge inclin'd.
 'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,
 Or think they can have black malicious ends;
 'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,
 Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.
 Happy the Innocent, whose equal thoughts
 Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from *Evadne*, Sir. *Exit.*

King. Why should the use
 Her Pen to me? 'tis some important news!

Reads

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. II

Reads the Letter.

From aboard my Yacht.

[Strangely dated.]

W^Hich is now bearing me away from the rage of my offended Brothers : I wish you were as safe from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me swear to take it. They have got the Fort, and are assured of the Inclinations, both of the Soldiers and Citizens. My first Prayer is to the Gods, for your Preservation : my next to your Majesty, that if they return to their Duty, you would afford them your Grace.

'Tis no fain'd tale *Callianax* has told ;

The Great *Melantius* is as false as bold.

The Crown we hazard, when at home we stay,

And teach our forces others to obey.

Conduct of Armies is a Princes Art :

And when a Subject acts that Royal Part ;

As he in Glory rises we grow less :

While our Arms prosper, ruin'd by success.

For

12 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

For in a Court what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our selves to see!

Enter Melantius and Lucippus.

Such is the General : to *Lucippus* Ear,
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Lucipp. How am I caught with an unwary Oath,
Not to reveal the secret, which I loath!
To stain my Conscience with my Brother's blood,
To be a King! No, not to be a God.
He that with patience can such Treason hear,
Tho he consent not, has a Guilty Ear.
Unto thy self pronounce the name of *King*;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

Mel. Sir, your fond care and kindness comes too
To save your Brother, or prevent my hate:
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Soldiers to my will incline.

Of

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 13

Of his own Servants he has lost the Heart,
And in the Court I have the nobler part.
Unto your self pronounce the name of King ;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd : Do not storm and frown
At my endeavours to preserve the Crown.
Wear it your self ; occasion will not stay ;
Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
Tumult and ruine will o'rewhelm the State ;
And you'll be guilty of your Country's fate. (*laid,*
Luc. aside. Some form'd design against the King is
Let's try how far our reason may perswade.
To him. The Crown you value so, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the cares ;
While I enjoy th'advantage of his State,
And all the Crown can give, except the weight.
Long may he Reign, that is so far above
All Vice, all Passion, but excess of Love.

And

14 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And can th'effects of Love appear so strange,
That into Beasts our greatest Gods could change?

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape,
Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape :

But Princes once turn'd into Beasts, remain
For ever so ; and should, like Beasts be slain.

Luc. Tho more in years, you have a Mistress still ;
And for that fault would you your Sovereign kill?

Love is the frailty of Heroic minds ;

And where great Vertues are, our pardon finds.

Brutes may be Chast ; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.

Justice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Will you contract the guilt of Royal Blood ?

And rob your Country of her chiefest good ?

Mel. Of one, whose Lust his Family has stain'd,
By whose good Conduct he securely reign'd.

Luc.

Luc.

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 15

Luc. Of one, whose choice first made your Valour
(known,

And with whose Armies you have got renown.

'Tis all the gratitude Subjects can shew,

To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin* scape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.

For Joys extorted with a violent hand,

Revenge is just, and may with honour stand.

But should a Prince, because he does comply

With one, that's fair and not unwilling, dye?

Or is it fit the people should be taught

Your Sisters frailty, with my Brothers fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchast; so it be said;

That he that durst perswade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you : Is it just that (you

Mischief to me and the whole Nation do?

Mel.

16 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Mel. Rather than not accomplish my Revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the World unhinge.

Luc. Yet of all Vertues, Justice is the best :
Valour, without it, 'is a common Pest.

Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that Vertue may be plac'd.

'Tis our complexion makes us chaste or brave ;
Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have.

All other Vertues dwell but in the blood,
That in the Soul, and gives the name of good.

Justice, the Queen of Vertues, you despise,
And only rude and savage Valour prize.

To your revenge you think the King and all
That Sacred is, a Sacrifice should fall :

The Town be ruin'd, and this Isle laid wast,
Only because your Sister is not chaste.

Can yon expect, that she should be so sage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage ?

Both

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 17

Both foul distempers are ; but yours the worse,
Less pleasure has, and brings the greater curse.

Mel. In idle *Rhodes* Philosophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his Tongue.

Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast,
All reason does, and sense of duty wrest.

The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.

Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may safely with our honour play ?

Reward a Soldiers Merit with a stain

To his whole Race, and yet securely Reign ?

Farewel ! I know so brave a Prince will scorn

To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

Luc. aside. I promis'd Secrecy, but did not say

I would look tamely on. *Melantius* stay :

C

You

18 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

You have my Promise, and my hasty word
Restrains my Tongue, but tyes not up my Sword.
Of other Vertues tho you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with speed
Behind the Castle-wall let's meet. *Mel. Agreed.*

Exit Lucip.

Mel. His well-knownt Vertue, and his constant
(Love,

To his bad Brother may the people move :
I'll take the occasion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then destroy the King.

[*Ex. Mel.*

Enter the King as discovering himself.

King. O ! what an happiness it is to find
A friend of our own blood, a Brother kind !
A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 19

The Kingdom offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For such a Brother, to th'immortal God
More thanks I owe, then for the Crown of *Rhodes*.
Happy this Isle, with such a Hero blest!
What Vertue dwells not in his Loyal Breast?

Enter Strato.

Str. Sir we are lost, *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town rises to assault the Court:
Where they will find the strongest part their own:
If you'll preserve your self, you must be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey
To some near friend.

King. There with your Shallop stay.
The Game's not lost; I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court,
But bid him presently to me resort. [*Exit Strato.*

20 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Had not this Challenge stopt the impendent fate,
We must have perisht with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Soldiers, Citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private Valour left:
If he survive, I have not long to Reign;
But he that's injur'd, should be fairly slain.
The people for their Darling would repine;
If he should fall by any hand, but mine.
Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and destroy him there:
All hope of Peace would be for ever lost;
And the wild Rabble would adore his Ghost.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm,
And the whole Island, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, so mighty have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the Shade.

But

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 21

But 'twas a double fault, to raise him so ;
And then dishonour on his house to throw.
Ill govern'd passions in a Princes Breast,
Hazard his private, and the publick rest.
Slaves to our Passions we become, and then
It grows impossible to govern Men.
But Errors not to be recall'd, do find
Their best redress from presence of the mind.
Courage our greatest failings does supply,
And makes all good, or handsomely we dye.
Life is a thing of common use, by Heav'n
As well to Insects as to Princes giv'n.
But, for the Crown, 'tis a more sacred thing :
I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we must together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk.

22 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Diph. aside. What fate is this ! had he stay'd half
(an hour,

The rising Town had freed me from his Power.

Exeunt.

Scene changes into a Field : Into which enter Lucippus and Melantius, with Swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th'injurious King forsake ;
Death, or a Scepter from *Melantius* take.

Lucip. Be thou advis'd, thy black design forsake ;
Death , or this Counsel from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain confidence thy life betray :
Thro Armies this has made *Melantius* way.

Lucip. Drawn for your Prince that Sworn could
(wonders do ;

The better Cause makes mine the sharper now.
Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy ;
King are their care : resume thy Loyalty :

Or

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 23

Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
And all thy Triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in hand,
Like a good Brother, by your Brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way;
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treason does a forfeit make.
To do Thee honour, I will shed that blood,
Which the just Laws, if I were faultless, should.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
Kings have but small advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my right
As King, and thus submit my self to fight.

Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why ?

24 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

A Subject should be heard before he's slain?
And does less right belong to us that Reign?

Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had Revenge to have.

A way so noble; that I must confess,
Already I begin to hate you less.

So unexpected and so brave a thing,
Makes me rember that you are my King.

And I could rather be contented, since
He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince.

That so, a Brother for a Sister chang'd,
We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Life
(have fought;

No Duel ever was more justly fought.

We both have reason for our fatal wrath:

Nor is it fit the World should hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.

Me

The Maids Tragedy Altered. 25

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves, to save the Head:
This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.

Tho foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with Courage act, something divine
That calls for Reverence, does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we could not
(expect,

For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.
They that with sharpest Injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thousand pitties, such a Royal pair
Should run this hazard for a wanton fair.

Mel. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' extream
Either of fearing, or of killing them.

Lucippus

26 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you should wield a Scepter, not a Sword ;
Nor with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their will.

K, Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder
(kill :

And when Necessity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Sovereign's hand,
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight ; or they grow less severe.

Here they all Fight.

Lucippus to the King.

Hold Sir, they only guard, and still give place
To them. Fight us, as Enemies, or ask for Grace.

Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our Family.
The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a wound
For which no other Salve could have been found.

Your

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 27

Your Brothers now in Arms our selves we boast,
As satisfaction for a Sister lost.

The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar slain.

You have our pardon, Sir ; and humbly now,
As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here they both kneel.

Pardon our guilty Rage ; which heretakes end,
For a lost Sister, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion
(feel :

Is't not enough, you see *Melantius* kneel ?

I'll be a pledge for both ; they shall be true
As heretofore ; and you shall trust 'em too.

His Loyal Arm shall still support the State,
And you no more provoke so just an hate.

King. Rise, brave *Melantius*, I thy pardon sign,
With as much Joy, as I am proud of mine.

Rise

28 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Rise, Valiant *Diphilus*, I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem,
Use us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King. With Honour and with Trust this Land
(shall know,

After my Brother, none so great as you.

Enter the Kings Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir, by your command ;
Take back your Pardon, on our guard we stand.

The King steps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you
(here ?

Captain of the Guards. Such as you'll pardon
(when the News you hear.

Amintor

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 29

Amintor is retir'd, *Aspasia* gone;

And a strange humour does possess the Town.

They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare
Things which we dare not whisper in your Ear.

The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your pleasure in this Exigent.

This honour'd person you might justly fear,
Were he not Loyal, and amongst us here.

They say his merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great *Melanthus* they will live and dye.

Mel. Sir, not your Pow'r, but Vertue made
(me bow;

For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.

Tho now the faithfulst of your Subjects, we
Have been the cause of all this Mutiny.

Go comfort, Sir, *Amintor*, while we run
To stop the rage of this revolting Town;

And

30 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And let them know the happiness they have
In such a Royal pair, so just, so brave.

Lend me your Guards, that if perswasion fail,
Force may against the Mutinous prevail.

K. to the Guards. Go, and obey, with as exact
(a care,

All his commands, as if our self were there.

Aside. He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his Honour with a boundless trust.

Exeunt King and Lucippus.

Mel. How frail is Man! how quickly changed
(are

Our wrath and fury to a Loyal care!

This drawn but now against my Sovereigns Breast,
Before 'tis sheath'd, shall give him peace and rest.

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

Scene

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 31

The Scene changes into a Forest.

Enter Aspasia.

Asp. They say, wild Beasts inhabit here ;
But Grief and Wrong secures my Fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A Tyger's kind, for he pursues.
To be forsaken's worse than torn ;
And Death a lesser ill than Scorn.
No Forrest, Cave, or Savage Den
Holds more pernicious Beasts than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they devise,
And tell us, they are sacred Tyes :
And so they are in our esteem ;
But empty Names, despis'd by them.
Women with study'd Arts they vex :
Ye Gods destroy that impious Sex.

And

32 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

And if there must be some to' invoke
 Your Powers, and make your Altars smoke,
 Come down your selves, and in their place
 Get a more Just and Nobler Race :
 Such as the Old World did adorn,
 When Hero's like your selves were born.
 But this I wish not for *Aspacia's* sake ;
 For she no God would for *Amintor* take.
 The Heart, which is our Passions Seat,
 Whether we will or no do's beat :
 And yet we may suppress our Breath :
 This let's us see that Life and Death
 Are in our Power ; but Love and Hate,
 Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
 My Love was Lawful, when 'twas born ;
 Their Marriage makes it merit Scorn.
Evadne's Husband 'tis a Fault
 To Love, a blemish to my thought ;

Yet

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 33

Yet twisted with my Life ; and I
That cannot faultless live, will dye.
Oh ! that some hungry Beast would come,
And make himself *Aspasia's* Tomb.
If none accept me for a Prey,
Death must be found some other way.
In colder Regions Men compose
Poyson with Art ; but here it grows.
Not long since, walking in the Field,
My Nurse and I, we there beheld
A goodly fruit ; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd ; but trembling she,
Whoever eat those Berries, cry'd,
In less than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which those useful Berries grow !

Exit.

Enter Amintor alone.

D

Am.

34 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. Repentance, which became *Evadne* so,
 Would no less handsome in *Amintor* show.
 She ask'd me pardon; but *Aspasia* I,
 Injur'd alike, suffer to pine and dye.
 'Tis said, that she this dangerous Forrest haunts,
 And in sad accents utters her complaints.
 If over-taken, e're she perish, I
 Will gain her Pardon, or before her dye.
 Not every Lady does from Vertue fall;
 Th' Injurious King does not possess them all.
 Well I deserv'd *Evadne's* scorn to prove,
 That to Ambition sacrific'd my Love.
 Fools that consult their Avarice or Pride!
 To chuse a Wife, Love is our noblest Guide. *Exit.*

*Enter Aspasia alone, with a Bough full of fair
 Berries*

Asp. This happy Bough shall give relief,
 Not to my hunger, but my grief.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 35

The Birds know how to chuse their fare,
To peck this fruit they all forbear.
Those chearful Singers know not why
They should make any haste to dye :
And yet they Couple——Can they know
What 'tis to Love, and not know Sorrow too ?
'Tis Man alone, that willing dyes ;
Beasts are less Wretched, or less Wise.
How Lovely these ill Berries shew !
And so did false *Amintor* too.
Heav'n would ensnare us ! who can scape
When fatal things have such a shape ?
Nothing in vain the Gods create,
This Bough was made to hasten fate.
'Twas in compassion of our woe,
That Nature first made Poysons grow ;
For hopeless wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing means to dye.

36 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep :
The indispos'd she does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or past :
If it be ill, it cannot last.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known ;
For when that's present, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary Line,
Which does our being here confine.
Dead we shall be, as when unborn ;
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
But say we are to live elsewhere,
What has the Innocent to fear ?
Can I be treated worse than here ?
Justice from hence long since is gone,
And reigns where I shall be anon.

Enter

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 37

Enter Amintor.

Am. 'Tis she; those fatal Berries shew
The mischief she's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate :
Their Love's insuperable, as their hate.
No Merit their Aversion can remove ;
Nor ill requital can efface their Love,

Asp. Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion, and from Injury.
The Living chain'd to Fortunes Wheel,
In Triumph led, her changes feel :
And Conquerors kept Poysons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.
Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow :
But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough.

Here she puts some of the Berries to her mouth,

*Amintor, strikes the Berries out of her hand, and
snatches the Bough.*

D 3

Am

38 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. Rash Maid, forbear; and lay those Berries by,
Or give them him that has deserv'd to dye.

Asp. What double Cruelty is this? Would you
That made me wretched, keep me always so?
Evadne has you: let *Aspasia* have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindness left, there see me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd Maid,
Is all the favour that you can bestow,
Or I receive---Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No less than you, was your *Amintor* wrong'd:
The false *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my promise, and my Bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

Asp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple
The sacred Altar witness'd what you said.

Am. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But ev'ry where hear promises that bind.

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 39

The Heav'n, the Air, Earth, and the boundless
Make but one Temple for the Deity. (Sea,

That was a Witness to my former Vow :
None can *Amintor* justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no title, but commits a Crime.

Asp. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd
I may (alas !) be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the Port, which I almost did gain;
Shall I once more be tost into the Main?

By what new Gods, *Amintor*, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe ;
By the same Gods, the justice of whose Wrath
Punish'd the infraction of my former faith.
May every Lady an *Evadne* prove,
That shall divert me from *Aspasia's* Love.

Asp. If ever you should prove unconstant now ;
I shall remember where those Berries grow.

40 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Am. My Love was always constant; but the King,
McLantius's friendship, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud *Evadne* threw;
And made me cruel to my self, and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the Bough.

Asp. *Snatching the Bough from him.*
Rash Man, forbear! but for some unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief:
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this,
Secure of my *Amintor*, still I fear
Evadne's mighty friend, the King. *Am.* He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother.

How shall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?

The

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 41

The fair *Aspasia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty author of their double woe.
My passions gone, and reason in her Throne,
Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their
And Royal kindness never comes too late : (fate,
So when Heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain ;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again.

Taking Aspasia by the hand.

This knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy, and your sorrows past,
Set off those Joys I wish may ever last.

Giving the Letter.

Read this *Amintor.* *Am.* *Evadne* fled ! *Aspasia* (now
You'll have no more occasion for your Bough.

Enter

42 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Melantius, Sir, has let the people know
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you.
The Town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the King.*

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joys and Thanks to shew.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love.
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle perfumes.
This sacred Union has preserv'd the State;
And from all Tempest shall secure our fate:
Like a well twisted Cable, holding fast
The anchor'd Vessel in the lowdest Blast.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the King.

TH E fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The King should live; be not more fierce than
Too long indulgent to so rude a Time; (he.
When Love was held so capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head could no compassion find;
But dy'd, because the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't less strange such mighty Wits as those
Should use a Style in Tragedy, like Prose.
Well sounding Verse, where Princes tread the Stage,
Should speak their Vertue, or describe their rage.
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, perswades.

And

44 *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

*And Verses are the potent charms we use,
Heroic Thoughts and Vertue to infuse.*

*When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the Change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's Life or Death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of Love was heretofore the cause ;
Now if we dye, 'tis want of your applause.*

MR. Waller in his first Thoughts of Altering this Play, pitcht upon a design of making *Evadne* go among the Vestals. But considering, that the Persons in this Play are suppos'd to be Heathens, who never admitted any but pure Virgins among their Vestals ; he changed his design. Nevertheless before he did so, he had writ the following Verses.

Evadne.

The Maids Tragedy Alter'd. 45

Evadne. *A Vestal vow'd, with Pity I'll look down
On the King's Love, and fierce Melantius's frown.
But here's the Sacred place, where we may have
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like Pardon from the most severe.*

Knocks at a Door.

Enter Governess.

Gov. *The Great Evadne visiting our Cell!*

Ev. *'Tis not to visit you ; but here to dwell.*

*Can you find room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye?*

Gov. *You that so early can correct your Thoughts,
May hope for Pardon for your greatest faults.
Happy is she that from the World retires,
And carries with her what the World admires.
Thrice happy she, whose young thought fixt above,
While she is Lovely does to Heaven make Love.*

46 . *The Maids Tragedy Alter'd.*

*I need not urge your Promise, e're you find
An Entrance here, to leave the World behind.*

*Ev. My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed ;
Love such as mine was, tho' a dangerous Weed,
Shews the rich Soile, on which it grew so high,
May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.*

*But of all Passions, I Ambition find
Hardest to banish from a Glorious Mind.
Yet Heav'n our Object made, Ambition may,
As well as Love, be turn'd a Nobler way :
Still I ascend ; it is a step above
A Princes favour, to belong to Jove.*

They go in and the Door shuts.

Enter Melantius with a Letter.

*Among the Vestals ! she'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.*

The

The Triple Combat.

W^Hen thro the World fair *Mazarine* had run,
Bright as her Fellow-Traveller, the Sun;
Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flies,
As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes.
As Heir to *Julius*, she may pretend
A second time to make this Illand bend.
But *Portsmouth*, springing from the ancient race
Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chase,
As they great *Cæsar* did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new Invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the Field does go.
Becoming blushes on the ether wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.

Beauty

48 upon several occasions.

Beauty gives Courage ; for she knows the day
 Must not be won the *Amazonian* way.
 Legions of *Cupids* to the Battel come,
 For little *Britain* these, and those for *Rome*.
 Drest to advantage, this Illustrious Pair
 Arriv'd, for Combat in the List appear.
 What may the fates design ! for never yet
 From distant Regions two such Beauties met :
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
 And Victory to declare her self seems loth.
 Over the Camp with doubtful Wings she flies ;
 Till *Chloris* shining in the Field she spys.
 The lovely *Chloris* well attended came,
 A thousand graces waited on the Dame :
 Her matchless form made all the *English* glad,
 And foreign Beauties less assurance had.
 Yet, like the Three on *Ida's* Top, they all
 Pretend alike, contesting for the Ball.

Which

Which to determine Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks; so thick the Arrows fly;
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander by.
Poets approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard, might look on and draw
The ruder Combats in *Alsatia*.
And with that Foil of violence and rage
Set off the splendour of our Golden Age:
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter sways;
And uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

Prologue for the Lady Actors.

A Maze us not with that Majestick Frown :
But lay aside the greatness of your Crown.
And for that Look, which does your people awe,
When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em
Lay it by here, and use a gentler smile ; (Law ;
Such as we see great *Joves* in Picture, while
He listens to *Apollo's* charming Lyre,
Or judges of the Songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are less careful, hid in this disguise ;
In our own Clothes more serious, and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold,
We seem warm Lovers, tho' our Breasts be cold.

A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

To Mr. Killegrew, upon his altering his Play
*Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, be-
cause not approv'd on the Stage.*

SIR, you should rather teach our Age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your
You had oblig'd us by employing Wit, (Play.
Not to Reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.
For as the Nightingale, without the Throng
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song :
While the lowd Daw, his Throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his Fellow-Daws.
So must the Writer, whose productions should
Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar mould :

Whilst nobler Fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

*On the Statue of King Charles the
First, at Charing-Cross.*

THat the First *Charles* does here in Triumph
(ride,
See his Son Reign where he a Martyr dy'd;
And People pay that Reverence, as they pass,
Which then he wanted, to the Sacred Brass:
Is not the effect of Gratitude alone;
To which we owe the Statue and the Stone.
But Heav'n this lasting Monument has wrought,
That Mortals may Eternally be taught;
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And Kings so kil'd rise Conquerors again.
This Truth the Royal Image does Proclaim,
Loud as the Trumpet of surviving Fame.

On

On the D. of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland, in the Summer Solstice, 1678.

Swift as *Joves* Messenger, the Winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to Execute the Kings Command,
And in a moment reach'd that *Northern* Land;
Where Day contending with approaching Night,
Assists the Heroe with continu'd Light.

On Foes surpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd, but noble Pity held
His Hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder spoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro that Cloud he
broke;

His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with such a Terror strook;
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many *Britains* should be lost;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the Flyers, than to win the Field:
And, at the Court his Interest does employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should dye.

And now these rash bold Men their Error find,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind;
One whose great Mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learnt the Art to Conquer, and to Save.

In Vulgar Breasts no Royal Vertues dwell,
Such deeds as these his high Extraction tell;
And give a secret Joy to him that Reigns,
To see his Blood Triumph in *Monmouth's* Veins:

To see a Leader, whom he got and chose,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.

But seeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching Rays, on all that's high and great :
This, ill requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough

The Muses send to shade thy Conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a present blaze ;
But Time and Thunder pay respect to Bays,

Achilles Arms dazle our present view,

Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,

As from the Forge of *Vulcan* first they came ;

Thousands of years are past, and they the same : }

Such care she takes, to pay desert with Fame : }

Then which no Monarch, for his Crowns defence
Knows how to give a Nobler Recompence.

*Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the
Earl of Rochester.*

THus mourn the Muses ; on the Herse,
Not strowing Tears, but lasting Verse :
Which so preserve the Hero's Name ;
They make him live again in Fame.

Chloris in Lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high Renown :
That she th' afflicted World relieves ;
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her Wit as graceful, great and good ;
Ally'd in Genious, as in Blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in Tears.

Then fairest *Chloris*, comfort take,
For his, your own, and our sake ;

Least

Least his fair Soul, that lives in you,
Should from the World for ever go.

Reflection on these Words,

Pride was not made for Man.

NOT the brave *Macedonian* Youth alone,
But base *Caligula*, when on the Throne,
Boundless in Pow'r, would make himself a God;
As if the World depended on his Nod.
The *Syrian* King to Beasts was headlong thrown,
E're to himself he could be mortal known. [Line,
The meanest Wretch, if Heav'n should give him
Would never stop, till he were thought Divine.
All might within discern the Serpents Pride,
If from our selves our selves did nothing hide.
Let the proud Peacock his gay Feathers spread,
And wooe the Female to his painted Bed.

Let

Let Winds and Seas together rage and swell,
This Nature teaches, and becomes 'em well.
Pride was not made for Man : a conscious sense
Of Guilt, and Folly, and their consequence
Destroys the claim; and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

Tran-

Translated out of French.

Fade Flowers, fade, Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our Autumn do:
And as your Leaves lye quiet on the Ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found;
So in the Grave shall we as quiet lye,
Mist by some few, that lov'd our Company.
But some, so like to Thorns and Nettles, live;
That none for them, can, when they perish, grieve.

*Some Verses of an Imperfect Copy,
design'd for a Friend on his Tran-
slation of Ovid's Fasti.*

Rome's Holy-days you tell, as if a Guest'
With the old *Romans* you were wont to feast.
Numa's Religion by themselves believ'd,
Excells the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They

They made the Nations round about 'em bow,
 With their Dictators taken from the Plough :
 Such Pow'r has Justice, Faith and Honesty ;
 The World was conquer'd by Morality.

Seeming Devotion does but guld a Knave,
 That's neither Faithful, Honest, Just, nor Brave :
 But where Religion does with Vertue joyn,
 It makes a Hero, like an Angel shine.

*Of the late Invasion and Defeat of
 the Turks, &c.*

THe modern *Nimrod*, with a safe delight
 Persuing Beasts, that save themselves by
 (flight,
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted Game,
 Would Christians chase, and Sacrifice to fame.

A Prince with Eunuchs and the softer Sex
 Shut up so long, would Warlike Nations vex ;

Provoke

Provoke the *German*, and neglecting Heaven,
Forget the Truce for which his Oath was given.

His Grand Visier presuming to invest,
The chief Imperial City of the *West* ;
With the first Charge compell'd in hast to rise,
His Treasure, Tents, and Cannon left a Prize :
The Standard lost, and Janisaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his Master, vain.

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the Memory of his Fathers Doom ;
And his Guard Murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the Throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling *Sultan's* forc't to expiate,
His own ill Conduct by another's Fate :
The *Grand Visier*, a Tyrant tho' a Slave,
A fair Example to his Master gave ;
He *Bassa's* Heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the *Sultan* to preserve must dye.

The

The fatal Bow-string was not in his thought,
When breaking Truce, he so unjustly fought ;
Made the World tremble with a numerous Hoast,
And of undoubted Victory did boast.
Strangled he lyes ! yet seems to cry aloud
To warn the Mighty, and instruct the Proud ;
That of the Great neglecting to be Just,
Heav'n in a Moment makes an heap of Dust.

The Turks so low ; why should the Christians
(loose
Such an advantage of their Barbarous Foes ?
Neglect their present Ruin to compleat,
Before another *Solyman* they get ?
Too late they would with shame, repenting,
(dread
That numerous Heard by such a Lyon lead.
He, *Rhodes* and *Buda* from the Christians tore,
Which timely Union might again restore.

But

But sparing Turks, as if with Rage possess'd,
The Christians perish by themselves oppress'd :
Cities and Provinces so dearly won,
That the Victorious People are undone.

What Angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian States, and end their Guilty Toy?
A Prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask,
Than *Britain's* King for such a Glorious task :
His dreadful Navy, and his lovely Mind,
Gives him the Fear and Favour of Mankind.
His Warrant does the Christian Faith defend ;
On that relying all their Quarrels end.
The Peace is sign'd, and *Britain* does obtain,
What *Rome* had sought from her fierce Sons in vain.

In Battels won Fortune a part doth claim,
And Soldiers have their Portion in the Fame :
In this successful Union we find
Only the Tryumph of a worthy Mind :

'Tis

'Tis all accomplisht by his Royal Word,
 Without unsheathing the destructive Sword;
 Without a Tax upon his Subjects laid,
 Their Peace disturb'd, their Plenty or their Trade.
 And what can they to such a Prince deny,
 With whose Desires the Greatest Kings comply?

The Arts of Peace are not to him unknown,
 This happy way he marcht into the Throne;
 And we owe more to Heav'n than to the Sword,
 The wisht return of so benign a Lord.

Charles by Old *Greece*, with a new Freedom
 Above her Antique Heroes shall be plac'd. ^{(grac'd}

What *Theseus* did, or *Theban Hercules*
 Holds no compare with this Victorious Peace;
 Which on the Turks shall greater Honour gain,
 Then all their Giants and their Monsters slain.
 Those are bold Tales, in fabulous Ages told;
 This Glorious Act the Living do behold.

Panegyrick

A Panegyrick, &c. to O. Cromwell.

WHile with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle Faction, & our Hearts command;
Protect us from our selves, and from our Foe,
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too:
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no Liberty, but when they may
Without Controul upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* show'd his Face,
To chide the winds, and save the *Trojan* Race:
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition tossing us, repress.
Your Drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a Glorious State:

F

The

The Seat of Empire; where the *Irish* come,
And the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their doom.

The Sea's our own; and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet:
Your Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.

Heaven, that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
To Ballance *Europe*, and her States to awe:
In this Conjunction does on *Britain* smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle.

Whether this Portion of the World were rent
By the Rude Ocean from the Continent;
Or thus Created: sure it was design'd
To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.
Hither the Oppressed shall henceforth resort
Justice to crave, and Succour at your Court:
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the Worlds Protector shall be known.

Fame,

Fame, swifter than your winged Navy, flies
Through every Land, that near the Ocean lies,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News,
To all that Piracy and Rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to raise her Head above the rest :
What may be thought impossible to do,
For us embraced by the Sea and you ?
Lords of the Worlds great waste, the *Ocean*, we
Whole Forrests send to reign upon the Sea :
And every Coast may trouble or relieve ;
But none can visit us without your leave.
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our Happy Seat arrive :
While we descend, at Pleasure to invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to aid.
Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that amidst the Ambient Ocean set,

Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves;
And all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves.
As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
But to her *Nile* owes more than to the Sky:
So whatsoe're our Earth and Heav'n denies,
Our ever constant Friend the Sea supplies.

The taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
Without that heat, in *Persian* Silk we shine;
And without Planting, drink of every Vine.
To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs;
Gold, tho the heaviest Mettal, hither swims.
Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* mow;
We plow the Deep, and reap what others sow.
Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds;
Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.

Rome, tho her Eagle thro' the World had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own:

Here

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too;
France Conquering, *Henry* flourish'd, and now you;
 For whom we stay'd, as did the *Grecian* State,
 Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.

When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
 He wist not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide

Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,

To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old Troops to Battel lead,

Against th' unwarlike *Persian* and the *Mede*;

Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless Field,

More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.

A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,

The *Caledonians* Arm'd with want and cold,

Have by a fate indulgent to your Fame,

Been from all Ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,

With a new Chain of Garrisons you bind;

Here foreign Gold no more shall make them come;
Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.
They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow;
May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place:
Preferr'd by Conquest, happily o'rethrown,
Falling they Rise, to be with us made one.
So kind *Dictators* made, when they came home,
Their vanquisht Foes Free Citizens of *Rome*.

Like favour find the *Irish*, with like fate,
Advanced to be a Portion of our State.
Whilst by your Valour, and obliging Mind,
Nations divided by the Sea are joyn'd.

Holland to gain our friendship is content
To be our Out-gard on the Continent:
She from her fellow Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.

In our late fight, when Cannons did diffuse
(Preventing Posts) the Terror and the News;
Our Neighbours then did Tremble at the roar:
But our Conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never failing Sword made War to cease;
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace:
Our minds with Bounty, and with Awe Engage;
Invite Affection, and restrain our Rage.
Less Pleasure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tygers have Courage, and the Rugged Bear;
But Man alone can when he Conquers, spare.
To Pardon willing, and to punish loth:
You strike with one Hand, but you heal with both:
Lifting up all that Prostrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to Live.

When Fate or Error had our Rage misled,
And o're these Nations such Confusion spread:

The only Cure, which could from Heav'n come
 (down;
 Was so much Power and Clemency in One?
 One whose Extraction from a Noble Line,
 Gives Hopes again that Well-born Men may shine;
 The meanest in your Nature, Mild and Good;
 The Noblest Rest secured in your Blood.

Much have we wonder'd, how you hid in Peace,
 A Mind proportion'd to such things as these:
 How such a Ruling Spirit you could restrain;
 And Practice first over your self to Reign.
 Your Private Life did a Just Pattern give,
 How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Men should live.
 Born to Command, your Princely Vertue slept,
 Like Humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept:
 But when your troubled Country call'd you
 (forth;
 Your flaming Courage and your matchless worth,

Dazzling

Dazzling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a Prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the State exalted too,
Finds no Distemper, while 'tis chang'd by you ;
Chang'd like the Worlds great Scene, when with-
(out noise

The Rising Sun Night's Vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
Run, with amazement we should read the Story :
But living Vertue (all Atchievements past)
Meets Envy still, to grapple with at last.

This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
Which losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break the Yoke ;
But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke.

That Sun once Set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a Dim light to Violence and Wars :

To

To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your Mighty Arm prevent the fall.

If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the sword,
Which of the Conquer'd World had made them
(Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their Power was
(new,

To Rule Victorious Armies, but by you?
You, that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Could order, teach, and their high Spirits com-
(pose :

To every Duty could their Minds engage ;
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.
So when a Lyon shakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows ; if he that first took pain,
To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast ;
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

Then let the Muses, with such Notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace.

Your

Your Battels they hereafter shall Endite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight;
Tell of Towns Storm'd, of Armies over-run,
And Mighty Kingdoms by your Conquest won:
How while you thundred, Clouds of dust did choak
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in-Smoke.
Illustrious Acts high Raptures do Infuse;
And ev'ry Conqueror creates a Muse.

Here in low strains your milder Deeds we Sing:
But then (my Lord) we'll Bays and Olive bring,
To crown your Head; while you in Triumph ride
O're Nations Conquer'd, and the Sea beside:
While all the Neighbour Princes unto you,
Like *Josephs* Sheaves, pay Reverence and bow.

Upon

Upon the Death of O. C.

WE must resign ; Heav'n his great Soul does
 (claim
 In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame :
 His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle ;
 And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air : So *Romulus* was lost.
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist her King ;
 And from obeying, fell to Worshipping.
 On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.
 Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent :
 Our dying Hero from the Continent,
 Ravish'd whole Towns ; and Forts from *Spaniards'*
 (reft,
 As his last Legacy to *Britain* left.

The

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind :

Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil ;
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle.

Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From Civil Broils, he did us disingage ;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage :
And with wise Conduct, to his Country show'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no Tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too.
Princes that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her self, took notice of his Death ;
And sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a breath :
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd
Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Mr.

Mr. *WALLER*'s Speech to the
House of Commons, *April 22.*
1640.

Mr. Speaker,

I Will use no Preface, as they do who prepare Men for some thing in which they have a particular Interest: I will only propose what I conceive fit for the House to consider: and shall be no more concerned in the Event, than they that shall hear me.

Two things I observe in his Majesties Demands.
First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy dispatch thereof.

Touching the *First*: His Majesties Occasions for Money are but too evident. For, to say nothing, how we are neglected abroad, and distracted at home; the Calling of this Parliament, and our Sitting here (an Effect which no light Cause could in these times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable Man believe, That the Exchequer abounds not so much in
Money

Money, as the State does in Occasions to use it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to dissuade his Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let Him see, it is as ready, and more safe for the Advancement of His Affairs, than any New, or pretended Old, way whatsoever.

For the speedy Dispatch required, which was the Second thing, not only his Majesty, but *Rex Ipsa loquitur*; the occasion seems to importune no less: Necessity is come upon us like an Armed Man.

Yet the use of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to advise with His Majesty of things concerning the Church and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the Custom of Parliaments, by good and wholesome Laws to refresh the Commonwealth in general; yea and to descend into the Remedies of particular Grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, That the last Acts are for the free Gifts of Subsidies on the Peoples part, and General Pardons on the Kings part. Even the wisest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their Designs, and the Reasons thereof; and then demanded the Assistance, both of their Council and Purfes. But Physicians, though they be called of the latest, must

80 *Mr. Waller's Speech to*

must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the Cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon Circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter Wounds. Let us do, what possibly may be done with reason and Honesty on our parts, to comply with His Majesties Desires, and to prevent the imminent Ills which threaten us.

But consider (Mr. Speaker) that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in Danger : and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the Trust of those that sent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own Defence and Safety ; unless his Majesty be pleased, first to restore them to the Propriety of their Goods and Lawful Liberties, whereof they esteem themselves now out of Possession. One need not tell you, That the Propriety of Goods is the Mother of Courage, and the Nurse of Industry, makes us valiant in War, and Good-husbands in Peace. The Experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present Observation of the care the Country has had to choose Persons of Worth and Courage, makes me think this House like the *Spartans*, whose forward Valour required some softer Musick to allay and quiet their Spirits,

too

too much moved with the sound of Martial Instruments. 'Tis not the fear of Imprisonment, or, if need be, of Death it self, that can keep a true-hearted *English* Man from the care to leave this part of his Inheritance as entire to Posterity, as he received it from his Ancestors.

This therefore let us first do, and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply; let us give new Force to the many Laws, which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our Rights and Priviledges, and endeavour to restore this Nation to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Propriety of our Goods, and the Freedom of our Persons: No way ~~doubting~~, but we shall find His Majesty as gracious and ready, as any of his Royal Progenitors ~~have~~ been, to grant our just Desires therein. For not only the People do think, but the Wisest do know, That what we have suffered in this long Vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the Person of no King was ever better beloved of his People; and that no People were ever more unsatisfied with the Ways of levying Moneys, are Two Truths which may serve one to demonstrate the other: For such is their Aversion to the present Courses, That neither the admiration they have of his Majesties native Inclination to Justice and Clemency, nor the pretended Consent of the Judges, could

G

make

make them willingly submit themselves to this late Tax of Ship-Money. And such is their natural Love and just Esteem of his Majesty's Goodness, That no late Pressure could provoke them, nor any Example invite them to Disloyalty or Disobedience.

But what is it then, that hath bred this misunderstanding betwixt the King and his People? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of the Son of *Solomon*, that he was a Prince of a tender Heart; and yet we see, by the Advice of violent Counsellors how rough an Answer he gave to his People. *That his Finger should be as heavy as his Fathers Loins*, was not his own, but the Voice of some Persons about him, that wanted the Gravity and Moderation requisite for the Counsellors of a young King. I love not to press Allegories too far: but the Resemblance of *Job's* Story with ours holds so well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his Enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him; and yet he was not provoked to rebell, so much as with his Tongue: though he had no very good Example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he suffered. I hope his Majesty will imitate God in the benigner part too; and as he was severe

to

to *Job* only while he discoursed with another concerning him ; but when he vouchsafed to speak himself to him , began to rebuke those, who had mistaken and mis-judged his Case, and to restore the patient Man to his former Prosperity : So now, that his Majesty hath admitted us to His Presence, and spoken Face to Face with us ; I doubt not, but we shall see fairer Days, and be as Rich in the Possession of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at those that seem to doubt the Success of this Parliament, or that the Misunderstanding between the King and his People should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesties Wants are not so great, but that we may find means to supply him : Nor our Desires so unreasonable, or so incompatible with Government, but that His Majesty may well satisfy them. For our late Experience, I hope, will teach us what Rocks to shun ; and how necessary the use of Moderation is. And for His Majesty, he has had Experience enough, how that prospers, which is gotten without the concurrent Good Will of his People : Never more Money taken from the Subject ; never more want in the Exchequer. If we look upon what has been paid ; it is more then ever the People of *England* were wont to pay in such a time : if we look upon what has been effected therewith ;

it shews, as if never King had been worse supplied. So that we seem to have endeavoured the filling of a Sieve with Water. Whosoever gave Advice for these courses, has made good the saying of the Wise Man, *Qui conturbat Dominum suum, possidebit ventum*. By new ways they think to accomplish Wonders; but in truth they grasp the Wind, and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For if the Commonwealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want nor do amiss: so as he govern not according to the Interest of others; but go the shortest and the safest Ways to his own and the Common Good.

The Kings of this Nation have always governed by Parliament: And if we look upon the Success of things since Parliaments were laid by, it resembles that of the *Greeks*,

*Ex illo fluere & retro sublapsa referri
Rēs Danaum* —————

especially on the Subjects part. For though the King hath gotten little; they have lost all.

But His Majesty shall hear the Truth from us; and we shall make appear the Errors of those Divines, who would perswade us, that a Monarch must be Absolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their

Text

Text (though that be a wandring too) but from the way their own Profession might teach them, *State super Vias antiquas*, and Remove not the ancient Boulds and Land-marks which our Fathers have set. If to be Absolute, were to be restrained by no Laws; then can no King in *Christendom* be so; for they all stand obliged to the Laws Christian. And we ask no more; for to this Pillar are our Priviledges fixt, our Kings at their Coronation taking a sacred Oath not to infringe them.

I am sorry these Men take no more care to gain our Belief of those things, which they tell us for our Souls Health; while we know them so manifestly in the wrong, in that which concerns the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England*; But they gain Preferment; and then 'tis no matter, though they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But since they are so ready to let loose the Consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our Protection against this Pulpit-Law, by declaring and reinforcing the Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this Opinion is, or rather this way of rising, even among themselves. For Mr. *Hooker*, who sure was no refractory Man, (as they term it) thinks, That the first Government was Arbitrary, till it was

found, that to live by one Mans Will, became the Cause of all Mens Misery : (these are his Words) concluding, That this was the Original of inventing Laws. And if we look further back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom have often been the Mediators between the King and His Subjects, to present and pray redress of their Grievances: and had reciprocally then as much Love and Reverence from the People.

But these Preachers, more active than their Predecessors, and wiser than the Laws, have found out a better Form of Government. The King must be a more Absolute Monarch, than any of his Predecessors; and to them he must owe it: though in the mean time, they hazard the Hearts of his People; and involve him in a Thousand Difficulties. For, suppose, this Form of Government were inconvenient; and yet this is but a Supposition, for these Five hundred Years it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us Victorious over other Nations; but, I say, suppose they have another Idea of one more convenient: we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprize the change of a long establishd Government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this
happy

happy Race; Why should so Pious and so Good a King be exposed to this Trouble and Hazard? Besides, that Kings so diverted can never do any great Matter abroad.

But while these Men have thus bent their Wits against the Laws of their Country; whether they have neglected their own Province, and what Tares are grown up in the Field which they should have tilled, I leave it to a second Consideration: not but that Religion ought to be the first thing in our Purposes and Desires: but that which is first in Dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For Well-Being supposes a Being; and the first Impediment, which Men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto *Adam* Maintenance of Life, and gave him a Title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe. And let me tell you, if our Adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easie, than to impose Religion on a People deprived of their Liberties; so there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon Freemen.

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) I conclude with this Motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House will consider of, shall be the restoring this Nation in ge-

88 *Mr. Waller's Speech, &c.*

neral to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties ; the Propriety of our Goods, and Freedom of our Persons : and that then we will forthwith consider of the Supply desired.

And thus we shall discharge the Trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither. His Majesty will see, that we make more than ordinary haste to satisfy his Demands : and we shall let all those know, that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give Interruption to the former.

Mr.

Mr. WALLER's Speech Ju-
ly 6. 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Then the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions subscribed, and judgment given for Ship-money; and afterward, a Declaration in his charge at an Assize, That Ship-money was so Inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

My Lords,

NOT only my Wants, but my Affections render me less fit for this Employment: For though it has not been my happiness to have the Law a part of my breeding; there is no Man
ho

honours that Profession more, or has a greater Reverence towards the Grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them: and when a Parliament is call'd; if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, Experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being stiled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But as all Professions are obnoxious to the malice of the Professors, and by them most easily betrayed; so (my Lords) these Articles have told you, how these Brothers of the Coif are become *fratres in malo*; how these Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whose charge you last heard) in one expression of his, excels no less his Fellows than they have done the worst of their Predecessors, in this Conspiracy against the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-money, and those extrajudicial Opinions preceding the same (wherein they are joyntly concern'd) you have already heard: how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so publick a Cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships. But this man, adding despair to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was a Right so Inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the Power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a

Wound

Wound to the Commonwealth, as any of the rest ; but dipt his Dart in such a Poyson, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by those abortive Opinions, subscribing to the Subversion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be said for it, he prevented his Own ; So by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of Your Lordships too ; and to confine the Power of a Parliament, the only Place where this Mischief might be redrest. Sure he is more wise and learned, than to believe himself in this Opinion ; or not to know how Ridiculous it will appear to a Parliament, and how Dangerous to himself : And therefore, no doubt, by saying, no Parliament could abolish this Judgment ; his meaning was, That this Judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-money, springing from a pretended Necessity ; was it not enough, that it was grown Annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever ; at once making Necessity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject ? Necessity, which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to His Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his Royal State with a greater Power, and ampler Fortune. For so undoubted a Truth, it has ever been, that Kings, as well as Subjects, are involved

volved in the Confusion, which necessity produces; that the Heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same; *Parcamus necessitati, quam nec Homines nec Dii superant.* This Judge then, having in his Charge at the Assize declared the dissolution of the Law, by this supposed necessity; with what Conscience could he at the same Assize proceed to condemn and punish Men; unless perhaps he meant, the Law was still in force, for our Destruction, and not for our Preservation? That it should have Power to kill, but none to Protect us? A thing no less horrid, than if the Sun should burn without lighting us; or the Earth serve only to bury, and not feed and nourish us.

But (my Lords) to demonstrate, that this was a supposititious impos'd Necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleased; at the last Convention in Parliament, a Price was set upon it; *for Twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence.* It may be said, that so much Money would have removed the present Necessity: but here was a Rate set upon future necessity; *for Twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity again, you shall for ever abolish that Judgment.* Here this Mystery is revealed, this Vizard of Necessity is pull'd off: And now it appears, That this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented His Majesty with Twelve Subsidies, to be

levi-

levied on Your Lordships and the Commons. Certainly there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purse of the Subject: and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise than as your Assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this Priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either your Lordships, or the Commons of *England* do, or shall hereafter possess.

And because this Man has had the boldness to put the Power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges; I shall entreat your Lordships to observe by way of comparison, the solemn and safe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordships know well) no new Law can pass, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons House, and then it receives the Royal Assent; so that 'tis like Gold seven times purified: Whereas these Judges by this one Resolution of theirs, would perswade his Majesty, that by naming *Necessity*, he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the great Charter two and thirty times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintenance
of

of the Right and Propriety of the Subject. A strange force (my Lords) in the sound of this word *Necessity*, that like a Charm it should silence the Laws, while we are dispoyl'd of all we have. For that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the Grace and Goodness of the King; for so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have passed Judgment upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publick Trust, which for the conservation of our Laws was reposed in them.

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this Judgment; you may please to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to seeth a Kid in his Mothers Milk; of which the received interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any Creature, which was intended for its preservation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our best Guard against our Enemies, and our Ships as our greatest Glory above other Nations; and how barbarously would these Men have let in the Sea upon us, at once to wash away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the Propriety we have therein; making the Supply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation? For observe, I beseech you, the fruit and consequence of this Judgment,

how

how this Money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it : On every County a Ship is annually impos'd ; and who would not expect, but our Seas by this time should be covered with the number of our Ships ? Alas (my Lords) the daily Complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the Sovereignty of the Sea ; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of those miserable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four or five thousand of our Countrymen) it does too evidently appear that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad : so far has this Judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity ; that as it changed our Real Propriety into the shadow of a Propriety, so of a feigned it has made a real necessity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a voice in the Air, lowder than ordinary, *The Gaules are come* ; which voice after they had sack'd the City, and besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy. This Anticipation of necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us : These Judges, like ill boding Birds, have call'd necessity upon the State, in a time when I dare say they thought

thought themselves in greatest security. But if it seem Superstitious to take this as an Omen ; sure I am, we may look on it as a cause of the unforeseen necessity we now suffer ; for what regret and discontent had this Judgment bred among us ? And as when the Noise and Tumult in a private House grows so loud as to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next Dwellers either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of the domestick strife ; so in all likelihood our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to invite our Neighbours to visit us, so much to the expence and trouble of both these Kingdoms.

And here, My Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the Ancient Reputation and Valour of the *English Nation* : And no wonder, for if it be true that Oppression makes a wise Man mad ; it may well suspend the Courage of the Valiant. The same happened to the *Romans*, when for renown in Arms they most excell'd the rest of the World ; the story is but short, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief troublers of our State may make up that number.) The *Decemviri*, My Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, for

which was their Parliament : This, says the Historian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them despair of their Liberty, but caused them to be less valued by their Neighbours : The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long-desired Senate; whereof the People were so glad, that *Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt* : This Assembly breaks up in discontent : nevertheless the War proceeds; Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field : I know your Lordships expect the event : My Authors words of his Countrymen are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur* : They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, than by victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Masters : At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd; and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their Authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some lose their Lives : and soon after his vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better success, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the same Breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people;

H

ple; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the restauration of our ancient Courage, which is expected from your Lordships. I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this Man should so cheaply give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much Courage and Industry had so long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to Posterity as they received them from their Fathers: what they did with labour, you may do with ease; what they did with danger, you may do securely: the foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War; they are only blasted with the Breath of these Men, and by your Breath they may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what Punishments their Predecessors have suffered for Offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those Precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the Person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his Offence.

His

His Education in the Inns of Court, his constant Practice as a Councillor, and his Experience as a Judge (considered with the mischief he has done) makes it appear, that this Progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an Enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company ; there is one Crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject : for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws ; has he not already declar'd his opinion, That your Votes and Resolutions against Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament, to abolish that Judgment ? To him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine.

*Rode, caper, vitem ; tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In tua quod fundi Cornua possit, erit :*

He has cropt and infring'd the Priviledges of a banish'd Parliament ; but now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our Laws :
and

100 *Mr. Waller's Speech, &c.*

and in truth what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm by his Example those Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his Opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition: his Crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witness is the same; having from several seats of Judicature proclaim'd himself an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose, I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeses of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships that as speedy a proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, as the course of Parliaments will permit.



FINIS.

ERRATA.

P. Ag. 4. Line 11. for *its*, r. *his*. p. 7. l. ult. *in Spoil*, r. *in the Spoil*. p. 8. l. 14. after *She's gone*, make! p. 9. *enters*, r. *enter*. p. 22. l. ult. *King*, r. *Kings*. p. 24. l. 1. dele? ib. l. 8. *rember*, r. *remember*. p. 41. l. 3. *passions*, r. *passion*. p. 42. l. 12. *Tempest*, r. *Tempests*. p. 56. l. ult. *and our sake*, r. *and for our sake*. p. 50. l. 5. *guld*, r. *guild*. p. 60. l. 9. *ib*, r. *these*.

2

page